



LITERARY.

Angels Everywhere.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." —Milton.

A myriad angels hover about this earth below, And in and out the thresholds their footprints come and go, While in our very blindness their forms we do not know.

They sing to us in music, they smile on us in dreams, They speak to us in echoes the world's spirit deems, But chirruping of wood birds and chattering of streams.

They make light in our corners, they purify our air, They take up our hands unconscious, and guide us unaware: The presence of their ministry is sweetly everywhere.

They sit up in the nursery, and kiss the babes to sleep; Across the holy hearth place they join their hands to keep The light of love undimmed by the tears pained hearts do weep.

They lurk about the sick-room, and trace upon the wall Quaint legends for still musings when twilight shadows fall, And pensent thoughts and words they help us to recall.

Then steal they near the bedside, and hold our passive hands, And talk of strange things that health scarce under- stands, Till home like to the soul grow far-off heavenly lands.

COMMUNICATIONS.

RATIONAL ASPECT OF SPIRITUALISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NUMBER TWO.

But with that rising civilization, and the acquired knowledge of the method of transmitting thoughts and ideas inscribed upon the parchment rolls, came also a desire to exaggerate and deal in the fanciful; and hence the innumerable array of ancient legends and fables so mixed up with scraps of truthful history, that it is altogether beyond the ability of the most eminent scholar of the present day to unravel or separate truth from fiction. For, at this very early date, there were gods without number, possessing a vast variety of powers, passions, and attributes, far, very far above the capacity of man to equal, or even to understand. The Phoenician had his deities, and made them the personified powers of Nature; which finally grew to the shape of beings, regarded as human—mere men. The Phoenicians worshipped Nature, and for each and everything in Nature there was a god; even to the fluttering of a leaf in the gentle breeze, or the murmuring of the waters running in a brook. The Kohinds, in India, were not inferior to the Phoenicians in the number and character of their gods; they had their sun-god, and an earth-goddess; a moon-god, a war-god, a god of thunder, a god of birth, a god of the small-pox, a god of grain, and hosts of other kindred gods. They professed a religion consisting of the worship of local deities, some supposed to be benevolent, some malevolent. The Persians venerated rivers, trees, mountains, herds of the resurrection, stars, spirits, feruers. Spirits of the departed were feruers. All the stars are considered metamorphosed Indians, by the inhabitants of the Caribbean Islands and Patagonia. The ancient Chinese religion was the same as all the earliest forms of society—the worship of the visible powers of Nature or of the stars. They sacrificed to the Shin, that is, to the superior spirits of every rank, and to their virtuous, deceased ancestors, and dressed the wind, rain, thunder, diseases, etc., as divinities. Confucius says: "Shun then offered the sacrifice called *lui* to Shangti, he presented a pure offering to the six venerable ones, he looked with devotion toward the hills and rivers, and glanced around at the host of Shin." Judging from the mere scraps which have come down to us of the great fact underlying all the earliest development of human kind, we can arrive at no other conclusion, than that a perfect uniformity of ideas and practices everywhere prevailed, wherever the nations of what has come to be understood as religion, or worship, it is a difference of kind, not of character. If the converse of this proposition were true, the whole matter would necessarily be entirely out of harmony with all other known laws of mind and development. "The Hindoos believed the stars to be spirits, called Gandharvas, and considered to be heavenly choristers. At the close of the year, during the last five days, the Persians celebrated the Festival of All Souls. On these five intercalary days, the souls of the dead come again on earth and visit their friends." At this festival every one must pray twelve hundred times a day. Purity and glory is for the just, who is pure; and the prayer, That is the will of Ahuramazda, with other prayers." "Noxious animals must be killed, entertainment and dresses prepared for the pure spirits, and they must be invoked with prayers—customs which have evidently the same origin as the banquets of the dead among the Hindoos." Dunker says these rites and ceremonies were all as faithfully and devoutly observed, as the services of any religious sect seen in modern times. J. Muller remarks, that "festivals in honor of the dead were celebrated by the American tribes every eight or ten years, and even by the Aztecs and Tlascalans in Mexico." According to Philo, the Alexandrian Jew, "the air is filled

with invisible inhabitants, spirits free from evil, and immortal. The best of them are the angels. God uses them as inferior powers and ministers to benefit mankind. The angels were the souls of the stars."

"When the morning stars sang together, And all the sons of Elohim (God) shouted for joy."

The Septuagint gives the verse differently:

"When the stars were brought forth they approved me, All my angels with a loud voice."

Homer makes the gods favorable or hostile to different persons, but admits of no divisions into good and evil deities among the gods. The Greeks believed in the existence and presence of bad spirits, and specters; and dreams were held to be significant of something real. "The ancient Irish worshipped the sun, stars, and the winds." (*Valancy, Essay on the Celtic Language.*) "The Gauls worshipped natural phenomena, the elements, and heavenly luminaries, stones, trees, winds, rivers, thunder, the sun, etc." "The ancient German and the Scandinavian religions were based on nature-worship. They adored spirits of every kind, in the sun, moon, and stars; air-gods, water-gods, etc. The Esquimaux, the Greenlanders, the people of Siberia, and the Polynesians, worship spirits. The Baktrian Hindoo worshipped spirits of the sun and moon, the air, the heaven, the water, the rivers, the winds, celestial singers, nymphs, and demons, patron deities of the villages, and the souls of their ancestors. The Peruvians, Mexicans, Romans, Greeks, Assyrians, Arabs, Hindoos, Babylonians, Tartars, Persians, Massagetae, Egyptians, and Hebrews, adored the sun. The primitive Magian religion was the worship of the heavenly bodies. The old Canaanites adored the sun, moon, and stars. Among the Hebrews, they were the sons of El (the sun)." (*Schoolcraft.*) J. D. PIERSON.

IS SPIRIT MATERIAL?

In the BANNER, two prominent lights of Spiritualism took directly opposite ground upon the above question. Without attempting to decide when doctors disagree, I consider the subject worthy a few suggestions and hints. In discussing abstruse problems, we often get confused by attaching different meanings to the same words. Where ideas have been confused among word-makers, words themselves must necessarily be indefinite. The first step in discussions of this character is, to define terms. To say that spirit is not gross matter as to be cognizable to the mass of mankind in a normal condition, is a plain proposition, from which few will dissent. But to say that spirit is not substance, is to say it is a non-entity, or that it does not exist; which is simply nonsense. If we define gross-matter as all that part of the universe which is cognizable by man in his present conditions of existence, and spirit-matter as a substance too refined for such cognizance, and embracing the balance of the universe, several questions naturally arise from such a statement.

Is the substance of both these entities composed of identical constituent elements?

Does a part of the elements of which either of these substances are composed enter into the composition of the other?

Are all the elements of either identical with part of the elements of the other?

Does either of these substances pass into the other? or, in other words, Is the relative proportion of these substances in the universe a fixed condition, which has always been the same, and will always continue to remain the same?

These questions are easily asked, but probably it is impossible to give an answer that can be verified, in the present condition of human knowledge. My impression or opinion is, that spirit-substance is identical with gross-matter in some stages of its existence—has been mixed with it, perhaps, many times, and evolved from it by the ceaseless progress of the great laboratory of the universe; that, whenever spirit-substance becomes sufficiently refined to form a home for an individualized spirit, and to form a spirit organism capable of thought, affection, action, then, by the inherent attraction of the elementary particles of the spirit-substance, such organisms are formed, by laws as simple as those by which a crystal is formed when the proper elements are held in solution. Geology and Natural History afford a striking analogy to this view, in the fact that organisms inhabiting the earth have, for hundreds of thousands of years, progressed to higher forms, as the conditions of the earth and atmosphere have so changed as to admit of their existence. Whether individualized spirit organisms are formed in the spirit world, and afterwards seek a physical body, or are formed about the same time the body is, and both grow and mature together, are questions of not much practical importance, and rather beyond the ken of intellectual vision. The Mormons hold that there are myriads of infantile spirits anxious to be born with a physical body for further development; and that those who do most to furnish these bodies are the greatest philanthropists. Skeptical Gentiles will think this an after-thought. I can scarcely realize that a spirit, who had once enjoyed the freedom of spirit life, could be satisfied with the clogs of a bodily organism. It seems to me much as if the free birds of

the forest should seek to throw off their plumage and be clothed with the shells of bivalves.

I am unable to see that the power of the will over human conduct has any bearing in the matter, as it is well known that a strong will is invariably accompanied by a large physical organ near the apex of the brain. This is as it would be, if there were no organism beyond that of the brain, as the Materialists hold.

This view, that spirit-substance is, in its elementary constituents, identical with those of gross-matter, or at least some of them, before such spirit is thrown off, seems to accord with the simplicity of nature, and find analogical support in the progressive development of science. The more nature's processes are understood, the more we are able to refer them to fewer general laws. Light is found to consist in undulations of the ether pervading all space traversed by light, caused by a peculiar motion of the surface of a luminous body. Heat is likewise a physical agent; also electricity; also animal and spirit magnetism. It is now pretty well understood that the vital principle is but a name for the workings of a living organism.

If spirit is not substance, how is it possible to affect the vision—spirit-vision, if you please—to seeing mediums? how is it possible to make a spirit photograph? or how is it possible to sit or stand to a medium-artist for a portrait? These spirit phenomena are quite well attested; how shall we account for them? That finely attenuated spirit-matter should have a connection with gross-matter, and, under certain conditions, produce effects upon it, is a reasonable proposition, quite in accordance with recognized facts. Gross-matter has gradations of fineness, until it is past recognition by our senses. But when we go beyond the material to the immaterial and shadowy, the mind can establish no connection with the palpable; such a relation is inconceivable, and, to use a term in vogue with English philosophers, it is absolutely unthinkable.

It certainly is an indication of the correctness of this view, that, of the four chief constituents of our physical bodies—carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen—three of them are gaseous, and refuse under great pressure to be reduced even to liquids. These elements, then, are just such as they would be, to best fit the gross-matter of our physical bodies to be acted upon by the spirit-matter of our spirit-bodies, or for both to live and act harmoniously together until the dissolution called death.

JOHN ALLYN.

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

"W^l Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter,' And proved it—'twas no matter what he said."

And if spirit be not matter, it is immaterial to me what may be said on the subject. If spirit be not matter, pray what is it? So I asked myself, when I read the "dissent in toto" of the Editor of the BANNER from my material Spiritualism. Till then, I claimed the name "Spiritualist"; but since I cannot serve two masters, cannot be a Materialist and Spiritualist at the same time, I must forego Spiritualism in favor of Materialism, since it has a prior claim, and I have never understood spirit entity as separate and distinct from matter. That which theological metaphysicians define spirit to be, viz., an immaterial essence, is, to my mind in its present state, inconceivable and absurd. And I hardly have the patience necessary to investigate their meaning, when they tell us how many thousand angels might dance on the point of a cambric needle without jostling each other!

We receive ideas through the mediumship of our senses; I am not aware of any other channel through which we can receive them; if there be no other, from whence do we receive the idea of the immaterial? Has any one ever been able to represent to the mind a clear notion of an immaterial entity? I cannot. I do not desire to be led into a learned disquisition on the properties of matter, for the best of reasons, lack of ability; nor am I anxious to answer such trifling, caviling questions—which immaterial philosophers are apt to ask—as, "Can you tell the weight of a hope?" "Can you measure a thought by the yard, or motion by the gallon?" We cannot separate the qualities of matter from matter, and then treat them as matter. We cannot separate the idea of thought from that which thinks. I cannot conceive of thought, will, hope, or fear, as distinct entities; and if I am to understand spirits as distinct entities; and if I am to understand spirits in the same sense as will, thought, or any of the other attributes of the mind is understood, there is nothing left for me but a total disbelief in spirit distinct from organic existence.

"M" says: "No man has yet conquered that stubborn problem of metaphysicians, which is, to determine whether spirit and matter are identical in constitution." I did not say that had been done, nor do I know that electricity and lead, or any matter, are identical in constitution; but this I said: "Spirit matter, like all other matter, is governed by laws peculiar to itself; and its operation, as with all matter, is dependent upon conditions peculiar to its state of being." This was stated, not so much as my own idea, for I have never chemically analyzed spirit, so as to know what its constituent properties are, but as the

teaching of Spiritualism. To show that I have not misrepresented spiritual doctrine, I will give the following extracts from acknowledged teachers of the philosophy: "The spiritual elements, such as the earth emanates, which go to form the spiritual spheres and enter into the organization of spirits, are realities. They possess *all the properties of earth matter*, with new ones which they require by their refinement. Carbon is represented by a spiritual carbon, oxygen by a spiritual oxygen, etc., through the long catalogue. Hence we can be organic beings as much as while on earth, and our organs can perform their functions, and be supported by elements appropriate to those functions." —*Hudson Tuttle's Arcana of Nature*, Vol. II, p. 130.

True, on the next page, he says: "We utterly discard the usual classification of spiritual elements, which places the imponderable agents in them, or makes them material elements." But the classification does not affect the argument. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Says S. B. Brittan: "The idea of an invisible creation, peopled by beings far more ethereal than the inhabitants of earth, is supported by strong presumptive reasons. . . . If matter or substance, when unorganized, may be so sublimed as to elude the senses, on the physical plane of their exercise, (and this is never disputed,) it may be rationally inferred that they so exist in organized bodies. . . . If, then, there is a wide realm, wherein unorganized matter escapes our sensuous observation, there must also—to complete the Creation—be an organized world, peopled by beings who are invisible on account of the extreme tenuity of the elements that enter into the composition and structure of their bodies." —*Man and His Relations*, pp. 556, 557.

Says A. J. Davis: "The body, finally, is almost disconnected from the spirit which gives it animation; and then the body is a dweller in the rudimentary sphere, and the spirit is an inhabitant of the inner life, or spiritual world. And when the moment of dissolution occurs, the *sensation* or clothing medium of the body is attracted and absorbed by the spirit, of which it then becomes the material form." —*Nature's Divine Revelations*, p. 644.

Again: "Furthermore, when you rise to see that the law of gravity is not merely physical, but spiritual also; that the laws that regulate mechanism and chemistry are spiritual as well as physical and mathematical, then you have attained to some perception of Wisdom." —*Morning Lectures*, p. 44.

Lexicographers tell us spirit is a substance. And if we turn to the word "substance," to discover the essential difference between substance and matter, we find the first word used to explain the other. "Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another"; therefore, things which are equal to one another are equal to the same thing; what, then, is the essential difference between substance and matter?

There is great presumption on the part of the Spiritualist, as a scientist, considering God as anything; whether He is spirit or matter, it matters not. Do we know of His existence as a Being—personal Being—"the informing and energizing Soul of matter"—a Being who thinks and acts as an individual? No class uses the word "God" more than do the Spiritualists; but it is extremely difficult to know what they mean by it. In the majority of cases where it is used, A. J. Davis ventures one definition: "I mean by 'God' the highest Truth, the highest Principle, the highest Virtue, the highest idea of whatsoever is Central and Perfect. The embodiment of these conceptions—the crystallization of all higher thoughts and intuitions—is 'God'." —*Morning Lectures*, p. 24. Now, in what consists the difference between the theism of Mr. Davis and the Atheism of Shelley, as defined in the following extract from "Queen Mab"?

"There is no God! Nature confirms the faith his death great soothed; Let heaven and earth, let man's revolving race, His ceaseless generation, tell the tale; Let every part depending on the chain That links it to the whole, point to the hand That grasps its term! let every seed that falls In silent quietude, before its store Of atoms, in infinite creation, Idly without, be left creation! The interminable spirit it contains Is in itself a God, but human pride Is skillful to invent most serious names To hide its ignorance."

I agree with you, Mr. Editor, in considering the settlement of the question of the nature of spirits, or of the existence of God, as non-essential to man's happiness; and I go a step further, and say, that even knowledge of spirit existence and a future life is non-essential, unless it be that the discussion of those questions removes fears arising from superstitious ignorance. All knowledge is useful to the discipline of the mind, preparing it for the reception of a higher order of happiness, belonging to a more advanced mental condition. But a pig can be happy, and live without perplexing thought. (See Matt. vii. 25-34.)

ESOP, JR.

A MAN of sense should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday. —*Swift*.

THE LONDON CHURCHES ARE INTRODUCING THE HARP IN THEIR CHOIRS.

The Antiquity of the Human Race.

Much discussion has recently been had upon the origin and antiquity of the human race. The latter portion of the subject was elaborately treated by Professor Agassiz at a recent meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History. The Professor said that, "several years ago, popular, learned, and unlearned, believed that man possessed a true record of the history of human history. Historians struck the first blow at this assumption by their researches into the successive dynasties which had ruled over Egypt. Their lead was quietly followed in the different depictions of the human form, and forced to cast aside the ancient beliefs and construct our chronology from a new and independent basis. Twelve years ago, Ferdinand Keller of Zurich, by his examination of the lake deposits of Switzerland, brought to light proofs of the existence of races of men which had been unknown. These discoveries astonished the world, and have since given rise to a new science, new societies, and new museums. Humanity is now connected with geological phenomena. Formerly the presence of such large mammals as the *Elephas primigenius*, *Rhinoceros*, *Ursus*, *Bos primigenius*, and *Spinosaurus*, was considered the dividing line between geological and human history—now the extensive researches of such able naturalists as Lartet, Von Baer, Rütimeyer, and Brandt, have proved that these animals were once contemporaneous with man. The question now is, we can establish a consecutive chronology of events since the appearance of these animals upon the earth. Brandt has attempted to show that they were living within the historical period, and has argued therefrom that the historical period of the world does not extend from the *Bos primigenius*. The argument for their recent extinction is drawn from documents hitherto partly unknown, because written in the Slavonic tongue; these represent the existence of *Bos primigenius* in the forests of Lithuania and Poland up to the time of the first glacial period. The *Cervus megaceros* in the marshes of Europe to the fourteenth century is also made probable. There is no doubt that the fauna of the diluvial deposits, some of which, at least, had a circumpolar, geographical distribution, was once much greater than now; remains of the reindeer have been found all through France to the Pyrenees, and in Southern Germany. We find that these mammals had intimate relations with the ice period, and it becomes necessary for us to inquire what the extent of the ice fields at the time when the glacial period was at its height. Professor Agassiz believed that the changes in extent which our ice fields have undergone during successive periods would furnish evidence of our chronology. In America the ice fields at the time of the first glacial period, within definite limits, reached the thirty-second degree of north latitude. In Europe they extended as far as the plains of Lombardy. Subsequent to this came a limited glacial period in which the Southern and Middle States were covered with glacial drift, but from Maine westward the country was still unbroken. During a third period the ice retreated to the northern shores of Lake Superior and the slopes of Mt. Katahdin; while in a fourth period, the one before the present, the continent was clothed with ice extending up to the forty-first parallel. In answer to this question whether we had any means of connecting chronology with these facts, it might be stated that none of the cave animals or the large mammals which have been mentioned have been proved to exist prior to the time of the greatest ice period. Let us suppose, then, that we can be doubtless that man lived contemporaneously with these animals, he believed that with the waning of the ice period began the era of primeval man. In the successive epochs of the ice, indicated by the retreating ice, we have a relative chronology; but it is difficult to make specific statements of age, we find ourselves at once at a loss for an answer.

ENTERPRISE, VIRGINIA CITY.

THE TURQUOISE.—Fanciful opinions have been entertained respecting this well-known gem. Mr. Emanuel says:

"Many persons believe that the turquoise indicates the wearer's state of health; and the fact that turquoise usually has a greenish tint, may have something to do with this. In the superstitions of the Orientals, though it is lucky, and that it would bring health and fortune to the wearer."

The same writer supplies us with the following story, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, but which is none the less amusing:

"One of my relatives," says somebody, "possessed a turquoise ring in his finger, which he used to wear on his finger as a super ornament. It happened that the owner of the ring was seized with a malady, of which he died. During the whole period in which the wearer enjoyed his full health, the turquoise was distinguished for its unbroken beauty; but as soon as the stone lost its lustre, and assumed a faded and withered appearance, as if mourning for its master. This sudden change in the nature of the stone made me lose the desire that I originally entertained of purchasing it, which I might have done for a trifling sum. However, no sooner did it obtain a new owner, than it regained its former exquisite freshness, and lost all traces of its temporary defects. I felt greatly vexed that I had lost the chance of procuring such a valuable and sensitive gem."

THE FEAR OF HELL.—Many theistic preachers among the Methodists successfully inspire this terror

THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

OFFICE, 523 CLAY STREET, UP STAIRS.
BENJAMIN TODD & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

BENJAMIN TODD, W. H. MANNING, EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications designed for publication in this paper should be addressed "EDITORS OF THE BANNER OF PROGRESS." All letters in regard to the business of the paper should be addressed to "BENJAMIN TODD & CO."

"Modern Demonology."

This is the term by which the new Presbyterian organ in this city, the *Occident*, designates modern Spiritualism. We are not disposed to quarrel too much and too persistently about mere terms. Only when words are used to characterize our philosophy and faith, which misrepresent and pervert the facts, do we object to the language adopted by our opponents. In this case, we are more than willing to accept the nomenclature hurled at us with so much bitterness, because it is neither inappropriate nor untrue. Modern Spiritualism is the same thing in essential characteristics as ancient Demonology. And now we ask our opponents, What are you going to do about it? What was there in Demonology that had any repulsive features, or that brought any injury upon mankind? The *Occident* admits, that, in the form of Neo-Platonism, the communion with the spirit world was of an elevating and inspiring character. But, forsooth, "the spirits did not tip tables nor play the banjo in darkened houses," etc! Wonder and fury of the astute writer in the *Occident*! Did he know that the banjo was a modern invention, and that Cuffee was not then on the field of action? Neither did the demons of old "drench sleeping children with ditch-water." Perhaps they had no occasion for so doing. It is the occasion that gives rise to every event in the spiritual, as well as in the material world. Every act on the part of a man, whether in the spirit or in connection with the body, is measured by its necessity. It became necessary to awaken a family in Stockton to the reality of spirit existence, and there was no other method by which it could be done, except the extraordinary and before unheard-of expedient of throwing water by unseen hands, in full view of several witnesses. The experiment was none the less successful for its extreme oddity.

The comparison, however, which the new organ of Presbyterianism institutes between the Spiritualism of the ancient philosophers and our modern philosophy, is unjust, because it makes no allowance for the changed condition of society, and the progressive development of the race. Mankind, even in the highest order of development, are no longer the contemplative and reflective beings they were in the time of the Neo-Platonists. This is pre-eminently the age of demonstrative facts—physical facts as well as spiritual. Man can no longer subsist upon faith alone. Works must be performed in order to form a basis for faith to rest upon. The physical manifestations of modern Spiritualism are in answer to this necessity. They come in proof of the reality of an immortality of the soul independent of the body, and as such are received by all Spiritualists.

In relation to a choice of terms by which we would prefer to be designated, we would say to the conductors of the *Occident*, and to all others, that no application of opprobrious epithets will enable our opponents to do away with the facts of Spiritualism, or to form a reasonable and consistent theory to account for their occurrence. At the same time, we cannot object to the title given to our philosophy in the heading of this article, for the reason that there is nothing in it to be ashamed of. All spirits were anciently called *demons*, both good and bad. Socrates had a "familiar spirit," or *daimon*, (which is the Greek form of the word,) whose consoling companionship and good advice were a complete foil to the shrewish temper of his wife, Xantippe. Cicero (*De Divinitate*) speaks of the *demon*, (the Latin form,) as being the inspiring, informing, and consoling companion (guardian spirit) of man. Iamblichus says "there are good and bad spirits, (demons,) who communicate with men. Porphyry says the same thing. All the ancient writers upon the subject of communion with the spirit world, including many fathers of the Catholic Church, speak of spirits as demons. Now, the writers upon "Demonology" as they term it, in order to get rid of the necessity of admitting that these very demons are the spirits of our departed friends, have been obliged to invent a theory, identical with the superstitious dogma of theology, that there is a class of beings created in the spirit world expressly to mislead and torment mankind upon earth; and the theologians add that these are the "angels that sinned." Where they obtain reliable information of the fact is not at present known; nor will they vouchsafe to enlighten us upon that point.

An "angel" is a spirit, and a "spirit" is a demon, in the most radical sense. The terms are used interchangeably and synonymously by ancient heathen authors, and by the writers of both the Old and New Testaments. When Peter, having been released from prison, appeared at the house of Mary, mother of Mark, a damsel who came to the door, named Rhoda, said, "It is his angel"—meaning his spirit—supposing he had died in the prison. "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels (their spirits, after leaving earth) do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. xviii. 10.)

What is said, in the paper under consideration, about the formation of a Spiritualistic Church in the United States, and the slanders of public mediums also contained therein, will be examined and replied to in our next issue. M.

MARGARET FOX KANE.—The New York *Express* asserts that this lady has given up her faith in Spiritualism. It is safe to say the assertion is not true, anything such a paper may say to the contrary notwithstanding. M.

Redivivus.

Although opposed to revivals in the creedist and sectarian sense, it is with unfeigned pleasure that we notice a revival of interest, not only in the phenomena, but in the philosophy of Spiritualism, throughout the States of the Pacific. This new interest had been predicted through various mediums several months since. But we were not prepared for the redoubled energy with which the inhabitants of the unseen world are at present endeavoring to make their power and presence felt among the people of this portion of the earth. Not only are the powers of healing mediums here considerably increased, but the physical manifestations made by our spirit friends are more frequent and effective than ever before. One day we read of extraordinary events taking place in a family of respectable people in Stockton, entirely ignorant of Spiritualism, and witnessing spirit manifestations for the first time in their lives; and anon we hear of two or three families in different parts of our own city having a visitation of the same kind, only, if possible, still more startling and convincing. This revival of physical manifestations, occurring at the same time with the advent of a new lecturer, whose discourses upon the philosophy of Spiritualism are listened to, each Sunday evening, by a large and interested audience, must draw to the investigation of the subject many minds that have been hitherto skeptical or indifferent, and that investigation will inevitably result in convincing them of the reality of spirit intercourse.

The evidences of the increasing powers of mediums at the present time come to us from all quarters. A young man has recently arrived in Oakland from Oregon, who has become a clairvoyant of extraordinary abilities. He is also a trance-speaker. In his normal condition, he is afflicted with a stammering utterance; but, when entranced, his articulation is distinct and clear, and his style eloquent and beautiful. He detects disease and points out its locality in the system with unerring certainty. The name of this remarkable medium is John C. Kelley. He will shortly return to Oregon for the purpose of lecturing in the trance state.

The public séances of Mrs. Foye are more fully attended than ever before, and the demonstrations on these occasions are still more satisfactory, if possible, than they have been in the past.

One significant fact may be noticed in this connection, which, more than anything else, is an evidence that Spiritualism is taking a deep hold on the minds of the people of this coast. It is this: the venal secular press, taking the cue from the sectarian religious papers, and from the diatribes of the clergy, is now more peculiarly virulent and satirical regarding Spiritualists and their doctrine than for some time past. This phase of opposition to Spiritualism has been pretty much lived down at the East, and Spiritualists there are now in a measure exempt from virulent personal attacks from the daily press. But, at this extreme of the continent, we have yet to go through this unwelcome experience at the hands of the ignorant, the bigoted, and the willfully opposed. The idea is not yet obsolete, that a cause can be put down by persecution and personal annoyance of its adherents; and hence we see not only the uneducated, but those who imagine themselves "thoroughly" educated, trying to throw discredit upon well attested facts by satirizing the witnesses and ridiculing their testimony. All this, however, must be expected, and borne with fortitude. Those who know whereof they affirm have no occasion to fear the result. Truth will most certainly vindicate itself in time, and those self-sufficient critics, whose vanity exceeds their knowledge a hundred-fold, will be overwhelmed with confusion. M.

Mrs. Foye's Séances.

The second séance of the new series took place on Tuesday evening last, at Dashaway Hall. There was a fair attendance of deeply interested inquirers, and the manifestations were, as usual, satisfactory and convincing. One test was remarkable for its suddenness, and was unexpected and startling to its recipients. An elderly gentleman and lady was sitting near the platform, listening attentively to what was going on before them, when they were suddenly startled by the reading of a communication from the gentleman's father, signed with his name, a very singular one indeed. They had not sent any name to the table, or asked for any communication whatever. Both were strangers to Mrs. Foye. And yet the spirit wrote by Mrs. Foye's hand, addressing the old gentleman, said "My son," and signing his name in full as "Pine Hopkins." What have the skeptics to say to this?

A gentleman in the audience created some amusement by declaring that he had never yet found a medium who could tell him his middle name. It is quite probable that the whole spirit world is not in a state of anxiety to reveal to him a fact which he already knows, if he is so unfortunate as to have "middle name." Our advice to him would be, to endeavor to suppress his "middle name," or, at least, to cease to bring into ridiculous prominence the fact that he has one. He also stated that he had sought information from Mr. J. V. Mansfield, and had been deceived, and had paid for being so. Several persons in the hall were ready to defend Mr. Mansfield from unjust aspersions; but Mrs. Foye cut short the discussion by remarking that she was not there to defend any medium, but to exhibit her own particular phase of mediumship, and to invite and challenge us toward the unfortunate people of the *Chronicle*; our flagellations are administered for the same reason that was formerly given for whipping a dull schoolboy, viz., as a correction to a slow or perverted intellect. M.

The next séance will take place at Dashaway Hall on Tuesday evening next. M.

STATISTICS ON INSANITY.—Out of 3,211 persons who have been confined in the Indiana Lunatic Asylum during a series of years, only 71 are supposed to have become insane from an investigation of Spiritualism, while 242 lost their reason "from religious excitements and anxieties." An examination of the statistics of our own Asylum would reveal facts still more favorable to free investigation. M.

Mrs. Gordon's Third Lecture.

The lecture on last Sunday evening was well attended, notwithstanding the rain, and the lady's remarks were quite as well appreciated by her audience as either of her previous discourses. The subject chosen was suggested by a person in the audience, and was headed, "What is the Moral Value of Spiritualism, compared to that of the System of Popular Theology?"

The lecturer first instituted an inquiry into the facts that had accrued to mankind from so-called Christianity, and endeavored to impress upon her hearers a knowledge of the facts of religious history for the last eighteen hundred years. Her conclusions from these facts were in strict accordance with the injunction of the Nazarene himself—"By their fruits shall ye know them." She said that such a thing as a truly Christian government does not exist upon the earth. The very basis of modern society itself is unchristian. The results of religious proselytism and church organizations may be seen everywhere. Beneath the very shadow of the church spires in every city are dens of debauchery and crime, and the religious devotee is jostled upon the very church steps by the criminal and the shameless debauchee. Poverty and destitution exist in more repulsive forms than ever, and drunkenness and prostitution are at the very door of the churches. With such fruits as these before us, after eighteen hundred years of preaching, with all the appliances at the command of the Church that wealth and official favor could furnish its teachers, the lecturer said she could not judge otherwise than that the system of popular theology was a failure. The very principle at the foundation of all the religious teachings of the past has operated as a discouragement to mankind. The people have been told that there was no hope for them except through the atoning blood of one person; and that the belief or acceptance of this dogma was the only way to salvation from a terrible future. A man of strictly moral life, a philanthropist, a doer of good works and not of evil, all his life, according to the popular theology, cannot be saved from an eternity of misery, unless he accepts this dogma as true; while a murderer, at his last moment on the scaffold, although he may have been all his life a doer of evil, provided he acknowledge a belief in the efficacy of the atonement, goes straightway to the bosom of God and the society of the pure and the just. Such a doctrine, she said, could not but have a depressing effect upon the minds of all men. An inability to believe is considered as the worst crime against God that a man can be capable of. The doctrine of total depravity, also, is a discouraging view of man's condition and prospects. The very idea presupposes an inability to progress and become better; and here is where the supposed free grace of God comes in, in the sacrifice of his son, to enable men, by believing in that sacrifice, to be saved. All who cannot receive this doctrine are "damned." The lecturer said that the natural view of man's condition shows that this is the very worst method that could be taken to win souls from error and ignorance; for it begins by telling him that they can do nothing of themselves, and ends by asserting that they must believe an impossible thing before God can do anything for them.

Mrs. Gordon compared the enlightening and enlivening doctrines of Spiritualism with the gloomy theology of the Church, and felicitously illustrated the difference, in its effects on the minds of men, between our philosophy and the former. She made a most beautiful comparison of the possible results to mankind of a faith in the continued presence of departed friends, as witnesses of every action of our lives, and as warning monitors against evil deeds. Her argument on the side of Spiritualism, as a reforming and preventative belief, and a hindrance to crime, was conclusive and appropriate.

The necessity that existed for rehearsing the history of the dead past, in order to exhibit the deformity of old theology to the mental vision, made this third lecture of Mrs. Gordon uninteresting in a certain degree to Spiritualists; but to neophytes and skeptics it was perhaps necessary as an introduction to our philosophy. The phenomena, and the scientific and religious conclusions deducible from them, are more attractive themes to us; and we trust we shall have the privilege of hearing Mrs. Gordon upon these as often as the general public can be induced to forego the desire to have her rake open the ashes of the dead and buried religion of the past. M.

MARRIED.—In Grass Valley, January 8th, 1868, by Justice Palmer, BENJAMIN TODD, Editor of the BANNER OF PROGRESS, San Francisco, to Miss MARIAN MARSH, of Grass Valley.

Our more unfortunate, rashly impulsive, Gone to—"his fate."

We offer our heartfelt sympathy to our associate, in his misfortune, knowing what trials and tribulations await him.

"Ab me! what evils do environ
The man who meddles with."

matrimony! For the wily stranger who hath inveigled our friend into this mishap, we have no words of pity, or of prophecy. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

The *Daily Critic* folks must not republish our cuts and thrusts at the *Dramatic Chronicle*, "rolling them as a sweet morsel under their tongues," as they thereby become liable to the suspicion of a mean jealousy of their neighbors, arising from business competition. No such motives influence us toward the unfortunate people of the *Chronicle*; our flagellations are administered for the same reason that was formerly given for whipping a dull schoolboy, viz., as a correction to a slow or perverted intellect.

MADAME CLARA ANTONIA continues to receive investigators of Spiritualism, and those desirous of the advice of their spirit friends, at No. 14, Geary street, near Kearny. Her clairvoyant powers have been satisfactorily tested by us. M.

THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet at Dashaway Hall on and after to-morrow, Sunday, Jan. 19th.

FOSTER'S CALIFORNIA LUSTRE is a most wonderful production for removing stains and rust from all kinds of metals, and even from marble.

Logic and Rhetoric.

Many persons are discussing the relative merits of the discourses of Mrs. Gordon and of Mrs. Hardinge, as though either of these two speakers furnished a standard by which we must judge of the abilities of every other. Some assert that the fervid eloquence and rhetorical display of language in the efforts of Mrs. Hardinge are absent in the lectures of Mrs. Gordon; while others are better pleased with the logical clearness and directness of the latter, than with the more flowery exhibitions of oratory on the part of the former. If we were called upon to decide the case, our opinion should be expressed somewhat in the following style:

Logic and rhetoric are seldom cultivated as mental acquisitions by the same individual; and whether the oratorical efforts of the lecturer be inspired by the unseen intelligences, or be simply the result of her own reflection and study, her mental caliber or development must be of a character precisely suited to the particular style of discourse intended to be delivered. Now, the poetical temperament, so fully developed in Mrs. Hardinge, is exactly the one most favorable to flights of fancy and eloquent orations, such as we heard so frequently from her lips. Rhetorical flourishes, however, do not always have a foundation of fact from which to take their flight. Take, as an example of rhetoric, a passage at random from the works of even the most careful and elegant writers or speakers. Here is one from Dr. Channing that will answer the purpose:

"The most agreeable of all companions is a simple friend, without pretensions to be an oppressive greatness; one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor."

A logical analysis of the latter portion of the above paragraph disposes of its rhetoric at once, and without remorse; for it is obvious that tempers are not "golden," and that the steadfastness of anchors is not proverbial. When, therefore, we would seek to make a distinction in the characteristics of different speakers, we must recollect that the rules of logic and of rhetoric are not the same, and that no just comparison can be made between two distinct styles of oratory, each of which is governed by different rules. While we should say that Mrs. Hardinge was an eloquent speaker, and a rhetorical oratress, we should keep in reserve our opinion that she is excelled in logical statement and critical analysis of opinion by Mrs. Gordon. This is giving to each their due, without instituting depreciatory comparisons at the expense of either. M.

Two PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.—The following incident is said to have taken place at the crucifixion of Jesus:

"And they gave him to drink, wine mingled with myrrh." (Mark xv. 23.) "They gave him vinegar mingled with gall." (Matt. xxvi. 45.)

If "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," here is an instance in which God failed to inspire two individuals alike in regard to the same fact. And if inspiration "is profitable for correction," why was not this mistake corrected before it had circulated among men, instead of being received without question for over eighteen hundred years?

PRAYER MEETING IN HELL was the subject of Elder Knapp's sermon, delivered at Stockton on the first of January.

We know of no man better qualified to get up such a praying meeting than Elder Knapp; he can beat old Satan himself at it. Indeed, so much does Knapp want a hell, in which he may get up prayer meetings that, finding none in the next life, he will try his best efforts to make one. His prayer meetings on earth may be considered as types of the hell he looks forward to in the world to come. It was very appropriate that Knapp should have commenced his insane career on this coast in the city of Stockton. M.

ANGELS.—It is well enough to call a woman an angel, but to say "dresses like an angel" is not so proper. Our idea of angels are not very definite, and we do not know what they are like. They have feathers, but, as they have wings, suppose they have. *Daily Critic*.

If "our ideas about angels are not very clearly defined," how can we be so definite in our description of them as to say "they have wings." Such things as wings, whatever may possess them, are always "very clearly defined." Go to, you're no critic. M.

The spirits may refuse to tell us anything worth knowing, because we know it all. But why don't they tell Andrew Jackson Davis, or Mrs. Hardinge, or the BANNER man, or some of the meek and teachable disciples, "something that is worth knowing"? That's the question: and the BANNER man dodges it.

No, he don't. They have already told many people much that is worth knowing by those who are capable of understanding and appreciating it. But egotistic ignoramus never will be benefited by the wisdom of others, though all the rest of the world be filled with it. M.

A MEMPHIS PAPER says it will "present to its readers on each Sabbath an editorial suited to the day," and begins with an essay on graveyards.

That is no worse than what is done by the orthodox clergy, the staple of whose sermons on Sunday consists of death, hell, and the devil.

THE BANNER of Progress (organ of the Spiritualists) has closed its first volume.—*Oakland News*.

Please announce, also, that we have opened our second. M.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF THOMAS PAINE will be celebrated by a grand ball, at Washington Hall, Charlestown, Mass., on the evening of the 29th of January, 1868. M.

A MAN near Jacksonville, Ill., reprimanded a teacher very severely for telling his little girl that the earth was round, that it revolved, and that it was smaller than the sun. M.

It is asserted that magnets lose almost their entire power in the vicinity of graveyards, and electrical machines are similarly affected under the same circumstances.

BEECHER says people who think it wicked to black their boots on Sunday morning, do not hesitate to black their neighbor's reputation on week days.

THEY err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think mainly of this.

A Close Argument.

The following is the reasoning of the *Round Table*, upon the celebrated communication from the son of Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, published in our last issue. It is a logical and beautiful argument throughout, and cannot be overthrown by the opponents of Spiritualism, nor weakened by any objections that may be brought forward by the skeptic:

"This case we have given as a fair representative of a class of cases—as one among a thousand similar ones which have been testified to by tens of thousands of witnesses, whose candor, truthfulness, and common sense, whose veracity, and the value of their evidence, would be discounted for a moment. Then, we may be allowed to offer it as the particular subject for consideration, just as if it embraced the whole matter seeking discussion and decision. We think it better than otherwise, because any one, more especially than the author of the communication, is likely to cause fuller justice while confining himself to particulars, than he can when going off into generalities—is apt, in the latter way, to lose himself and his argument.

"What exactly is the pitch of the cause before us? It is this: It is effect as affirmed by many thousand witnesses, who ordinarily would be reckoned trustworthy by any court in Christendom, that a certain piece of information has been imparted to them in a certain way. There is not the shadow of a reason for supposing that they—the witnesses—had any knowledge of the cause, or of the time, or of the place, or of the persons, or of the events, or of the circumstances, or

THE BANNER OF PROGRESS.

The Banner of Progress.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1868.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

"Angels where'er we go attend
Our steps, whate'er betide,
With watchful care their charge defend,
And evil turn aside."

—CHARLES WESLEY.

NOTICE.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM of San Francisco will assemble on Sunday, (to-morrow), January 19th, at 2 o'clock, at Dashaway Hall, Post street. Friends of the Lyceum are cordially invited to be present.

The Boy and the Philosopher.

"How old art thou?" the sage began;
The child, aroused from play,
Tossing his fresh-pinked flowers aside,
Sprang up, and said, and gattered:
"I am nine years old, and a philosopher;
What long, long years I How I do wish
The years would pass away!"

A blush of conscious earnestness:
Atwhart his bright cheek ran;
"Thou art hind?" the sage went on to say;
"What art thou?"—and the boy said,
"When age, that life's a span—
What canst thou wish for now, my boy?"
"I wish to be man."

"What wouldst thou do, were thou a man?"
The boy would not say;
"And so I carried this I'd know,
And over every land I'd go,
And over every sea;
And I'd visit all the kings,
And they right visit me,"

"But king spans common men?" The boy
Looked up with flashing eyes;
"I thought that kings were good, great men;
But I would be a monarch;
And have a palace,
For I'd rule over all the world
Should be more great than I."

"But greatness is not happiness;
My son, an emblem see;
How humble grow these lovely flowers!
How quickly fly their hours!
While you're lost, are you not?"

That braved the lightning in its pride,
Was scathed most fearfully."

The boy upon the blasted oak
Gazed long in earnest thought;
"I pluck them flowers," at length he cried,
"And when I die, I'll let them die;
And sooner, will they not?"

And never a trace that they had lived
Would stand to mark the spot?"

"It's true, 'tis true," the old man cried,
"The hand of man or Heaven's decree,
Alone can bow the stately tree;
The finger of a child,
Or the senseless brute may press—
And then the tree is stoned?"

"And humble honest, and holy boys,
What but a dream are they!
A fable, framed by artful pride,
To keep the many satisfied;

"Weep not, weep not, with ease,
Grasp the high trust, imperial Heaven
As free to all decrees!"

"Press on! my noble boy, press on!
As rivulets form the flood,
The thoughts that swell thy simple heart,
My son, are pure, and true part;
But such must be without;
And keep thy boyhood's faith unchanged—
The Great are the Good!"

Jennie Ristoe's Lilies.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY MAIDEN.

BY A FRIEND OF CHILDREN AND YOUTH.

"Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, nor yet gather into barns. Yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE DARKEST HOUR IS JUST BEFORE DAWN."

For many days after the visit, described before, Jennie was kept at home by the severill illness of her father, who had been brought home by the police, much injured by a fall he had received when intoxicated. He told Jennie afterward, that he was going toward a saloon, when he heard a lady, in one of the homes he passed, singing that touching song, "Father, come home," and, thinking of his own child, was much affected, and resolved to retrace his steps; but he had hardly gone two blocks, when he was seen by two of his acquaintances, who urged him so strongly, that he consented to take a glass at their expense; but, not being satisfied with that, he drank more and more, until he was not able to walk like a man, and, lowering himself to the brute level, fell down a cellar-way, and was brought to his garret bruised and greatly hurt. Jennie tended him with careful assiduity, and to buy him food she sold all her mother's clothes, which she had saved until now. But she knew it was right, so to the pawn-broker's they went.

But, notwithstanding all her efforts, intemperance produced its general result, and Jennie was fatherless; but she had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Ristoe say, half an hour before his death, "I was all wrong, and you were right; it is just that I should suffer. O, do you think that God and your mother can forgive me for wasting my time—making a beast of myself? O, Jennie! good bye! I am dying! I was crazy all that long time! may God forgive me!" He struggled for breath, and Jennie kneeled by the bedside, and, with folded hands, said: "O, dear Father in heaven! O, please take my poor papa to that beautiful land where mamma is! he is very sorry he ever was led astray. And O, blessed Father! O, holy God! if you do not let them go there now, let him be raised to that place after a while!"

The prayer from this pure child's heart—shall we say it was unanswered by Him whose ear is ever open to the cry of those that seek Him? Let us drop a veil over Mr. Ristoe's life for the past four years, and remember him only as the kind and honest man he was on the farm; for his spirit has gone to give account to God, alone, for his mis-spent hours, and we must obey the divine command: "Judge not, that ye not be judged."

Jennie's utter loneliness, now, without a relation in the world, or a friend but Waldo, can be imagined but not described. Not a cent in the world had she, nor a morsel to eat, nor augt to buy her cotton to make her crocheted work. Sad and lonely did she sit there in her desolation, thinking, "What, O, what shall I do?" But she is not forsaken, for the God who loves all His children has sent an angel to guard this little one, and even now, a first footstep is heard on the stair, and knock on the door. Jennie sorrowfully said "Come in," when who should enter but Waldo's tall uncle, Mr. West? He started back as he beheld the outline of a figure on the bed, but quietly said: "Waldo wondered why you did not come for so long a time to see him. He has missed you sadly, and sent me to learn the reason of your absence. I see now, poor child!" Jennie had not shed a tear before, but now she sobbed violently, and said: "O, what shall I do? papa is dead, and I am all alone!" "Do not trouble yourself, lit-

the child," said the uncle—who was a rough-looking, but very kind man—"do not trouble yourself. I dare say your father is better off now than when alive; and you shall come and live with Waldo and myself. I will attend to everything here. I have heard of your kindness to Waldo, and I want you to help him get well." This was indeed joyous news to the weary little girl, and seizing Mr. West's hand, she pressed it convulsively to her lips, and said: "God bless you! O, how good you are!" "Pshaw! nonsense, child," said the gruff, kind man, "I want you for my little housekeeper." Accordingly, after the last sad ceremonies on her father's body were over, Jennie went with a light step to Waldo's home, with his uncle. Waldo's joy was so great, in the thought of having Jennie for his constant companion, that he could not keep quiet, but insisted upon getting up, to eat, in his large easy-chair. The uncle looked on while Jennie carefully arranged the pillows for the sick boy, and then gently smoothed the hair off his noble brow. The night seemed to make Mr. West sad; for he arose and left the room, with something like a tear in his eye. A little bird whispers to me that he was once the husband of a being, who watched over this great man as tenderly as little Jennie does over her adopted brother and dear friend. His wife is now with the bright spirits, and so is a dear little boy, who for ten years was the idol of this once stern but devoted parent.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COUNTRY.

Jennie had been a week with her new friends—a week of quiet happiness—when Waldo told her he had a secret to disclose. His radiant face led her to surmise that it was of an agreeable nature, and so it proved; and, to Jennie's unspeakable delight, she was told she should see the country once more. Waldo proceeded to say that his uncle had become very wealthy by the development of a valuable mine he partly owned in California, and that he was soon to move to the suburbs of a beautiful town on the Hudson. The children were wild over the idea, and when they were established in the villa Mr. West had purchased, their joy knew no bounds; and Mr. West, with the old housekeeper, Maggie, could not help joining in their mirth, and laughed as loud as Waldo, who said they had room enough now to do as they pleased. The place Mr. West had selected was indeed a lovely spot! The house was a mixture of Swiss chalet and Gothic in style, and one side was covered with the beautiful Australian vine, with its exquisite pink and white bird-like blossoms; on the front steps—in large white vases—stood two well-developed orange trees, brought from the very place where Waldo's boyhood had been spent. It seemed as if his cup of joy was overflowing when he beheld them. But their favorite Lily was not forgotten. It was placed in the large window of a sitting room, which was intended for Waldo's studio. From this window there was a view of the nicely shaven lawn in front, sloping gently down to the river, which was but a few steps to the garden gate. Large elm trees stood on either side of the white walk, and under these former "monarchs of the forest" were placed rustic seats of all descriptions. Here the three, now happy inmates of the villa, often sat and gazed with admiration upon the lovely scene before them. In the morning the "day king" would shower sunbeams down upon the rippling water, till every wave seemed golden, and dazzling was the brightness against the white sails which were seen flying, "bird-like," over the sparkling river. In the evening, the "Queen of night" would assert her sway, and her calm, soft light seemed to shed a holy, peaceful influence over the beholders, while Nature, feeling her gentle magnetism, was hushed and still. O, what happiness there is in living a life of purity and love at times! Jennie had fought so manfully the battles of adversity, that now, when peace and joy were given to her, her soul seemed full; while daily she grew in beauty of soul, mind, and body. They called her the Sunbeam, and well did she deserve the name, for the grave, stern uncle yielded to the influence of the love, which seemed to surround her like light, and he waked up to happiness on earth, while he took great delight in telling the eager, listening children of his travels—for he had been in many lands. Waldo had heard many of these tales before, and having read of the countries, appreciated these conversations, and remembered better than did Jennie, who was always on the lookout for "dear Waldo's comfort"; and in watching him, and arranging his pillows, she sometimes missed a word or two. As they grew older, and gradually their childhood forms developed into the youth and maiden, Waldo's great mind expanded also; and although he was still very lame, yet his face was so noble, his countenance so intellectual and pure, that none saw him that did not exclaim: "What a remarkably handsome young man!" His talent for painting increased, and many were the sketches which adorned the walls of their home, and even graced those of the neighbors. Waldo's power seemed wisdom, and Jennie's, love; so, when their childhood was past, they both saw, and felt, that God had made them to be one. Therefore, with the uncle's consent, these two were united in the holiest and most sacred of earth's ties—that of marriage. The ceremony took place in the grandest of cathedrals—God's own temple of nature—where the blue sky formed a canopy, and the towering trees arches. As a married couple, Mr. West wished to support them, but to this Waldo would not consent. His great talents gave him equal power as a lecturer, an artist, or a writer; so he always had enough for his dear wife, and for many poor needy ones, to whose wants they both ministered.

Day by day these two grew in the love and happy birth of God, and closer grew the two hearts made one. Their cup of happiness was filled to overflowing, when, during the month of April—when the lily bloom—a little daughter was sent to cement the bond of affection still closer. The little creature seemed more like a being of air than a mortal. She had beautiful flaxen hair, and large, dark, sad eyes; wonderful eyes, like her father's, that, as she grew older, seemed to look away off into the dim distance, as if she would see what was beyond. But the most remarkable feature about her, was her pure, white complexion; so pure and white was it, that, in honor of the still cherished flower, they named her Lily; and as time passed on, and her character developed, Waldo and Jennie said to each other, "How rightly is she named! for a pure spirit never lived on earth." She was also so frail and delicate, that a breath of unkindness seemed to make her sensitive spirit quiver and bend, as the lily is tossed by the tempest. So exquisitely were her heart-strings tuned, that even when so young, not a shade of thought—if harmony—an-answering note in her child-soul. The father and mother often feared that the wild symphonies, which earth-sorrow plays upon the delicate instrument of spirit, would crush this one so frail; but month succeeded month, and still the Lily was left to the fond parents, the doting uncle, and the many admiring children, who called her "angel Lily." She possessed a most remarkable talent for music, and when only four years old, her little hands would wander over the keys of a piano, and the melody

brought forth drew tears from all listeners; for always there was a strange, sad chord woven in with that which was so joyous. The children from far and wide came to see the gentle "child-angel," and when a word of anger, or any inharmony, occurred, she would not say a word, but her sad eyes would fill with tears, and, slowly walking to the piano, she would play soft and sweet airs till all evil feeling was charmed away, and peace reigned. One day, when she was sitting looking away off, in her peculiar dreamy way, her mother gently said: "What is my darling thinking of?" "O, mamma!" she replied, "I was only looking at this beautiful boy." "What little boy, my dear one?" "Why, that little boy standing right there! He looks just like God; all so bright, and a white dress on; and such beauty eyes, that look at me and say, 'Come!'" On this occasion all were affected to tears, and many thought the angel had called their little sister. But no; another year rolled by, and Lily was the same—the pet and darling of all.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VISIT AND ITS EFFECTS.

One day after Lily's sixth birthday, Uncle West said he was going to New York, and insisted upon taking his pet along to hear the opera of "Sonnambula," which was to be well rendered, in the Academy of Music, by the most accomplished artists from Italy. The child's pleadings to hear the music could not be withstood, and consent was given; but with heart-ache on the part of the mother and father. When they reached the great city, Mr. West sorely repented having taken the little country maiden with him, for the noise, the rush, the many people, seemed to overpower the frail being. But particularly did she shrink from those sights of woe so common in the great whirlpool of life. Lily wept and sobbed when she beheld a drunken woman, and sighed over the "poor little children." Her only request when asked, "What would you like to have?" was: "Please buy all these little pine pins the poor girls have." The amused uncle bought several hundred, but wondered when he saw that Lily always gave them back to the child-saleswomen. When asked her reason for so doing, she said: "Why, you know, dear uncle, mamma once sold these kind of pins; and she sometimes was hungry, and I guess these poor girls are too."

The opera seemed to please her, but not as her uncle expected; for he supposed she would be carried away with joy, as the performance was splendid; therefore he said: "Why, Lily, you do not seem to enjoy the music; is it not beautiful enough for your delicate ear?" "O, yes, dear uncle!" she replied, "but I hear such beautiful music all the time; and above all this noise I hear something telling me there are so many poor, poor children here, who always cry and never sing. O, uncle! take me home; I can't stay here!" So, as fast as steam could carry them, flew these two back to the villa by the river. But even in this retreat, Lily's frame quivered from the shock received from the vision of sorrow in New York; and this, together with a cold she had taken, caused an attack of fever. For many days she moaned and moaned, and her little form was wasted to a shadow. Finally, the father and mother were told by the faithful doctor, that the Lily must go to her native climate—heaven. "Oh, mamma! papa! uncle! do not weep," said the dying child, to those about her bedside in an agony of grief; "do not weep; the little boy says 'Come, and I see such a happy land; O, so beautiful!' Hear the music, mamma, hear it! O, so many have come to take me!" and suddenly a rushing sound was heard that stilled every sob, and distinctly to all listening ears came the sound of such melody as never entranced a spell-bound Mendelssohn's audience. It commenced with a gentle sighing, as of wind through the autumn trees, and gradually swelled until it resembled a brook running over stones; but soon human voices became distinct, and with one grand, grand rush, and perfect harmony of sound, the spirit of the fadeless Lily was borne upward to the realm of Flower-land. The deeply attached parents, and the fond uncle, could not mourn, although they missed her presence, O, so sadly! For every night for two weeks, at the hour corresponding to the time when she was borne away, to the three, assembled in the room, heard again these divine strains of music, made perfect by the addition of the sweetest voice ever heard by mortal. They were all sure that this voice was that of the angel Lily—the child-musician. And the weeping Jennie said: "Dearest uncle and husband, Lily is taken to the place where her head will never droop again; and we have one more treasure to draw us to the land where there is no sorrow. I fear we were so happy before, that we did not look forward far enough, and keep us continually the reality of the other world, which is really our home. We still have our Lily of the valley left, and it will remind us that out of sorrow cometh joy." Mrs. Leslie's words only seemed the echo of the thoughts of the other two, who had learned to believe as Jennie did, and were sure their Lily was only absent from them, and soon they would be on the "shining shore," where she would welcome them. And with those thoughts, and the performance of good deeds of love, charity, and good will, did much happiness come to the family; much peaceful, chastened joy; many summer days; and hand in hand they walked steadfastly onward, with uplifted eyes, toward the everlasting hills.

Dear readers, we have followed Jennie and her Lily through many tangled pathways, and have seen how the noble sacrifice of the girl shadowed forth the unselfish willingness of the mother to return to God the precious gift he had bestowed upon her, who had learned to believe as Jennie did, and were sure their Lily was only absent from them, and soon they would be on the "shining shore," where she would welcome them. And with those thoughts, and the performance of good deeds of love, charity, and good will, did much happiness come to the family; much peaceful, chastened joy; many summer days; and hand in hand they walked steadfastly onward, with uplifted eyes, toward the everlasting hills.

Day by day these two grew in the love and happy birth of God, and closer grew the two hearts made one. Their cup of happiness was filled to overflowing, when, during the month of April—when the lily bloom—a little daughter was sent to cement the bond of affection still closer. The little creature seemed more like a being of air than a mortal. She had beautiful flaxen hair, and large, dark, sad eyes; wonderful eyes, like her father's, that, as she grew older, seemed to look away off into the dim distance, as if she would see what was beyond. But the most remarkable feature about her, was her pure, white complexion; so pure and white was it, that, in honor of the still cherished flower, they named her Lily; and as time passed on, and her character developed, Waldo and Jennie said to each other, "How rightly is she named! for a pure spirit never lived on earth." She was also so frail and delicate, that a breath of unkindness seemed to make her sensitive spirit quiver and bend, as the lily is tossed by the tempest. So exquisitely were her heart-strings tuned, that even when so young, not a shade of thought—if harmony—an-answering note in her child-soul. The father and mother often feared that the wild symphonies, which earth-sorrow plays upon the delicate instrument of spirit, would crush this one so frail; but month succeeded month, and still the Lily was left to the fond parents, the doting uncle, and the many admiring children, who called her "angel Lily."

"Ah!" said a pious Sunday School teacher, "she, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your father and mother?" "I suppose, " said Caroline, "I suppose, as I should have been a orphan."

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Boston, Mass.—Sunday at 10 a.m., at 544 Washington street.

C. H. Rines, Conductor.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—At 3 p. m., in the Cumberland Street School Room, between Clinton and Jay streets.

John A. Morris, Conductor; Mrs. Fannie Cobell, Guardian.

Buffalo, N. Y.—In Music Hall Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. S. H. Wertman, Conductor; Miss Sarah Brooks, Guardian.

Concord, N. H.—At 3 p. m., at Dr. G. C. York, Conductor.

At Washington Hall, Sunday forenoon.

A. H. Richardson, Conductor.

At Worcester, Mass.—At 3 p. m., at Dr. C. C. Conductor.

At Union League Hall, Sunday at 10 a.m.

James D. Dodge, Conductor.

At Crosby's Music Hall, at 12:30 p. m.

J. R. Steiner, President Literary Circle.

Cincinnati—Greenwood Hall, corner of Sixth and Vine streets, at 9 a.m. A. W. Pugh, Conductor; Mrs. Lydia Beck, Guardian.

Cleveland, Ohio—At Temperance Hall, 184 Superior street.

J. A. Jewett, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Eddy, Guardian.

Chicago, Mich.—Conductor, M. J. Matthews; Guardian, Mrs. Rachel C. Smith.

Dover and Pierrefonds, Me.—Sunday afternoon, in the Universal church.

Montgomery, N. Y.—At 3 p. m., at the Town Hall every Sunday at 11 a.m.

John C. Holt, Conductor.

Montgomery, N. Y.—At 3 p. m., at the Union League Hall, Sunday at 10 a.m.